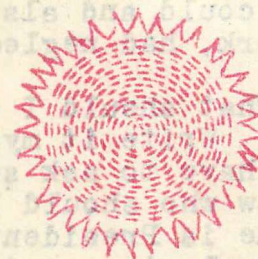
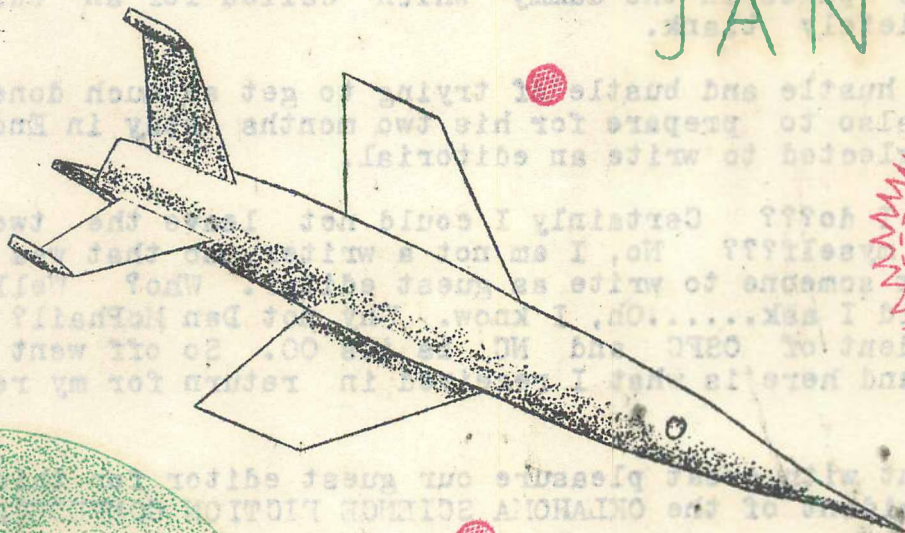


NITE CRY  
JAN 1955





# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

For the second time I find myself left with NITE CRY to get out on my own. So far, I have not encountered any difficulty (though I have to both hand feed and hand crank the ole AB Dick) other than the fact that the two pages in the dummy which called for an editorial were blank, completely blank.

Don, in the hustle and bustle of trying to get as much done on NC as he could and also to prepare for his two months stay in Endicott, New York, had neglected to write an editorial.

What should I do??? Certainly I could not leave the two pages blank. Write it myself??? No, I am not a writer, so that was out. I would have to ask someone to write as guest editor. Who? Well, lets see now who should I ask.....Oh, I know. Why not Dan McPhail? After all, he is President of OSFC and NC is its OO. So off went an air mail to Lawton and here is what I received in return for my request, my humble plea.

May I present with great pleasure our guest editor for this issue, Dan McPhail, President of the OKLAHOMA SCIENCE FICTION CONFEDERATION.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sooner fandom has finally come of age! It's recorded history reaches back beyond 1936, but only in the past two years have Oklahoma fans really put their state on the science fiction map. A large and active membership, two highly successful conventions, the establishment of several fine fanzines...these and other important developments have taken place since 1953.

All these things were among the hopes and dreams that I had when I founded the Oklahoma Scientifiction Association nearly 20 years ago. But hard work by a few enthusiastic members could not overcome the general lack of interest shown by the public at that time.

Continued on page 2, please

DON CHAPPELL  
editor  
publisher

# NITE CRY

EVELYN  
art editor  
co-publisher

Vol. 2 No. 2

January 1955

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### ART

Front Cover  
Don Chappell

Back Cover  
DEA

Hammer-Gibson  
DEA

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NITE CRY is the Official Publication of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Published bi-monthly at 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Donations will be accepted to offset cost of publication. 10¢ an issue. 50¢ for six. Ads 50¢ a page. Deadline for each issue February 15th.



Today is a different world. The tremendous scientific progress made during, and after, World War II stimulated public interest in all the sciences. A by-product of this awakening was a vast new audience for science fiction itself.

In Oklahoma a new group of fans came into being and, on the ashes of the old, so to speak, created a new organization: the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. At their first "Oklacon" they elected Donald Chappell their chief, and under his dynamic leadership, moved Oklahoma into the front ranks among science fiction and fantasy organizations of the United States.

A major factor in building Oklahoma fandom has been NITE CRY magazine. Don Chappell and Evelyn have earned well-deserved praise for an official organ that has gained national recognition. Its mechanical makeup has constantly improved, its regularity of publication is remarkable and its material has been of interest to all fandom, while still maintaining its distinctive local flavor.

And a special orchid to Evelyn, who is getting this issue out while Don attends a technical school course in Endicott, New York. I am well aware that letters of comment and constructive criticism are a source of great joy to the hard-working editors of fan magazines. They mean more than money received (which never seems to cover expenses!) Give yourself the pleasure of a pat-on-the-back to a fellow-fan by writing NITE CRY a letter today.

Finally, may I extend an official invitation, on behalf of our organization, to fans everywhere to attend the Oklacon III in Tulsa on July 3rd and 4th. And to sons of the native soil, I urge you to join ranks with the confederation. We need your interest and support. Today's great popularity of science fiction provides a stepping-stone for building a strong and effective fan organization....a Vanguard of the Future, here in the ancient Home of the Red Man!

Dan

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thanks Dan, very much. Be seeing all of you in the mail box.

Evelyn

# TOO MUCH CON-PETITION BY ART RAPP

I suppose most Oklacon have a slightly hurt look when they think of the censure resolution passed at the San Francisco SFF Convention. And I also suppose the writers of that resolution feel they were justified in introducing it.

Can the members of each faction find plenty of arguments in their favor? Of course they can. But neither side has yet mentioned the fundamental reason for their opposing stands. Why did the backers of the San Francisco Con resent the Oklacon (theoretically) siphoning off some of the SFCon's attendance? Why didn't the Oklacon committee seem to mind that San Francisco attracted a number of their potential attendees?

Why?

Because the two meetings were of entirely different types/

The Oklacon was a fan convention.

The SFCon was a pro convention.

No, I don't mean mere fans weren't welcome at Frisco. They were



recieved withoopen arms; in fact, people whose only contact with stf was one issue of GALAXY, or "The Conquest of Space" were welcomed. The committee provided a dazzling array of famous names, from Van Vogt to Vampira. The program was carefully planned so that it was intelligible to people who never heard of science-fiction until they wandered into the Sir Frandis Drake. Who knows, maybe some of those casual readers were turned into fans?

I don't imagine the Oklacon program was intended to turn the audience into fans. If they weren't fans already, they ~~wouldn't~~ have been there. It didn't propagandize on the theme that stf is respectable literature these days and one needn't be ashamed to read it. (Oh well, I suppose there were a few echoes on that theme; when fan meets fan mutual ego-bolstering is inevitable.)

Now, if the California con was regarded by all the pros and semi-pros and avid actifen as the opportunity of the year to convince a skeptical public of the literate respectability of science fiction, you can easily see why the Oklacon was regarded by them as hurtful competition.

And if the Oklacon was merely an opportunity for a fine fannish meeting of minds, you can also see why the Soonerfen didn't mind competing with the SFCon. After all, if you get more than a dozen people into one bullsession it sooner or later disintegrates into smaller circles, anyway. The fen present in the Biltmore weren't presenting any vital message to the public. They were just having fun in the traditional fannish manner. They'd have had just as good a time if only a dozen fen had attended instead of 45.

About now, I suppose, some of my readers are cheering me on with cries of "That's right". Take some more swings at those dirty old pros'." But I'm not criticizing the pros. There's no reason for a pro-fan feud. Most of the pros -- at least the ones who show up at stfcons -- are just as much fans as you and I. They just happen to have attained the ambition of all fen; to make a profit from this fur-

shlugginer hobby!

I was at the SFCon. I voted for the resolution of censure of the Oklacon. Why? Because it IS important that the pros have their annual chance to publicize sf. No publicity, no profits. No profits, no prozines. And, despite fannish statements to the contrary, fandom wouldn't last long without the prozines as a common center of interest.

The World Con boosters certainly don't object to other fans getting together on Labor Day. What they object to is having another "Convention" competing for the attention of fandom and others at that particular time.

I suggest that all the ruffled feelings and useless acrimony could be avoided if, in planning a Labor Day gathering, the following principles are observed:

(1) Encourage all who can, to attend the World Con in preference to the regional meeting.

(2) Make the regional meet an invitational affair, without advance publicity in fanzines.

(3) Keep it informal; no schedule of events, no business meet; no auction.

(4) If you do want to hold a regional convention with all the formal trimmings, go ahead, but pick one of the year's 51 other week ends.

And you know something? Pros aren't so fascinating that I long to see them more than once annually. That leaves me plenty of time and enthusiasm to attend fan conventions. But how can I, or anyone other than Gilbert Gosseyn, attend both at once?



# CLAUDE RAMBLES ON...

# AND ON.....AND ON

BY CLAUDE R. HALL

Notwithstanding the belief that fan are born and not contrived of some ungodly maker, there comes a period in the life of a fan when he realizes that the mere hectic tides of fanning are not all of the many joys that the world, time and eternity have to offer. Possibly, if the fan was young, he'll discover girls. If he was more mature, he reaches the conclusion that instead of ascending an ameliorative ladder--he has been circling around and around in the whirlpool of chos that IS fandom. The financial possibilities for profit in science fiction are limited. The percentage of people who can boast of making a living from science fiction is slight. Even Ray Palmer has had





to put the "old south acre" back into cultivation. And, it is a known and verified fact that most stf writer earn their living by other means. Most of their occupations are not concerned even with writing! Rog Phillips is (or was) a nightwatchman. And, if memory serves me right, he's worked at various and sundry jobs during his writing career--including work in an aircraft factory somewhere in Calif. Last year, I read that Jose Farmer worked on a Dairy Farm. A few stf-writers are teachers and professors in schools and colleges over the nation. Bob Tucker is a projectionist for a movie.

I suppose that magazine editors like, Gold, Hamling, etc. are able to supprt themselves without a side-job. But I noticed a while back that Campbell of ASF is also science editor of a magazine titled "PIC" or something like that.

And what is my conclusion? This: A fan has no business in fandom--not if he's ambitious. How many fen expect to reach the pinnacle of Ackerman? Few, I'll admit. Most fen are satisfied just to "belong". Especially, this concerns the more active fan. The fan who hashes out articles, fiction, artwork galore and attempts to publish a fanzine.

I started out in fandom with one idea in mind and I was definitely determined to continue in that vein only. You see, I wanted to be a writer. My stories had been collecting rejection slips and I was pretty disgusted. So, I was going to try my material in a weaker field. Prior to this time, I was content to merely read science fiction. Now that I'd started writing with fandom in mind-- I could no longer maintain my naive level of thinking. And when the whirlpool pulled me under completely, I was ready to give up the ambition of becoming a writer. Granted, it WAS fun to be a fan--to put out a fanzine---write letters---start fueds. But, I can easily see that my career, so well planned upon in the beginning, is now all shot.

Thusly, I realize that if I'm ever to make anything of myself; I'm going to have to drop a few of my fannish phrases. Of course,

writing and fan pubbing I could no more stop doing than I could cease to breath. Fan publishing is even more than a hobby with me. And writing articles and various other types of material for fandom is a major means of gaining experience and public reaction. But I've decided to drop my collection of prozines, only keeping the first few issues of OWs, Madge and some older issues of other zines in case they might have a future trading value. And I'm going to limit my correspondence in the role that I intend to play. To sum everything up--I'm going to relax and concentrate more on quality of writing than quantity of fanning. Because I don't think fandom--for egoboo's sake is worth it.

\*\*\*\*\*

The new Imaginative Tales #3, which is on the news stand at the time of this writing, has a story titled, "BLACK MAGIC HOLIDAY", written by Robert Bloch. This novel is very funny, one of these humorcus pieces that cause you to emit roaring peals of laughter from beginning to end. At least, I thought so when I first read this story under its original title, "THE DEVIL WITH YOU" in Fantastic Adventures (pulp) back in 1950 or so. Robert Bloch, without a doubt, is one of the greatest humoroustists to grace american fandom. I knew that, for I'd always respected and admired his material. Knowing I would also enjoy anything written by him, I bought a copy of Imaginative Tales #3 post haste. I was tricked, robbed! I've kept that old copy of FA handy--through the years--just so I could enjoy re-reading, "THE DEVIL WITH YOU". I certainly didn't need to buy this copy of Imaginative Tales for that pleasure. And I've damned well given up collecting. Now, I have 35¢ worth of magazine of which I have no need. I've got a good mind to write Hamling a nasty letter and give him a piece of my mind. If he's going to publish a re-tread, he could use the original title for the benifit of us older fen.

\*\*\*\*\*

Noticed somewhere in the January issue of Universe that Palmer was having to do his own covers. Guess he can't afford an artist any more. He also makes a comment about payment (long overdue) for someof



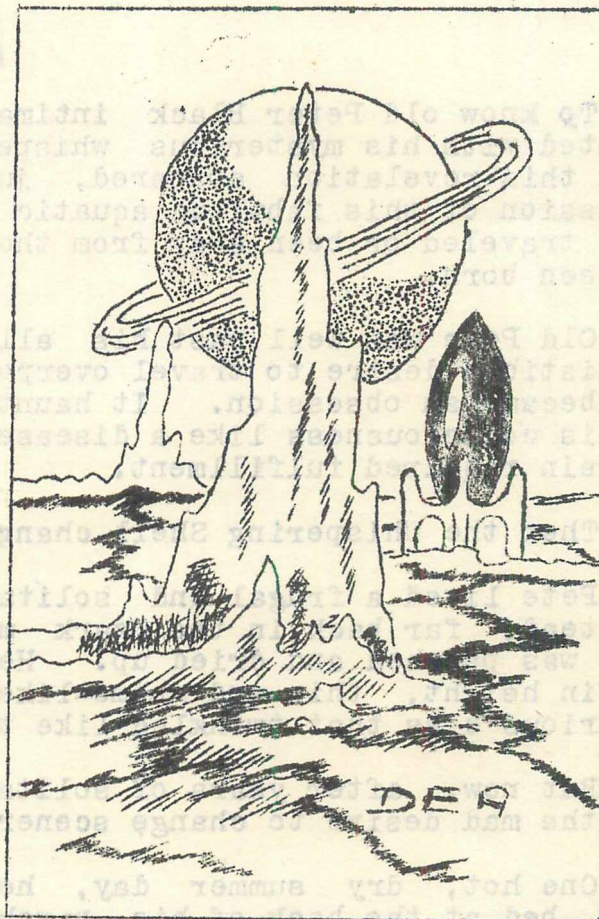
the fiction Universe has featured for the past few issues. Times must really be hard for RAP. If it wasn't for Bea Mahaffey, things might be worse. The Club House keeps it going.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Feb issue of If, Worlds of Science Fiction caught my eye when I was able to visit my first book store upon returning to civilian life. Having subsisted on Galaxy, Madge, F&Sf and Planet for over a year, I was eager to read something "new". I bought a copy and found that the quality of the stories had dropped their high level from the standards I could remember in 1953. One story, though, I considered exceptional. It was "The Last Crusade", by George H. Smith. This story concerned a future possibility of warfare and was hinged around the basis of the brainwashing given to the "famous" turn-coats of the Korea struggle. I thought that the story was the best of that ish--and the best story I'd read in a month or more. Who's George H. Smith?? Or was that a typo ("H" for "O")?

The End

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* ARTICLES. ARTICLES! NC NEEDS 'EM\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*



# THE WHISPERING SHELL

BY E. R. KIRK

To know old Peter Black intimately, one has to first become acquainted with his mysterious whispering sea shell. Few people knew, until this revelation appeared, just where or how Old Pete came into possession of this fabulous aquatic marvel because he --Old Pete-- had never traveled or been away from the Ozark mountain farm on which he had been born.

Old Pete was well past his allotted three-score-and-ten when an irresistible desire to travel overpowered him. This urge to go places soon became an obsession. It haunted his mind day and night, besieging his consciousness like a disease until the madness of his tormented brain required fulfillment.

Then the Whispering Shell changed everything--even him.

Pete lived a frugal and solitary life on his remote dry-creek homestead, far back in the Ozark mountains. He, like his isolated farm, was parched and dried up. He was a small man, just over five feet in height, thin and gnome-like, with gray-brown hair and black mysterious eyes that twinkled like the fire under a witch's caldron.

But now, after years of solitary hermitage, Old Pete was siezed with the mad desire to change scenery, to go places --and meet people.

One hot, dry summer day, he went for a lone walk along a dry creek bed at the back of his parched farm land. His mind, like a drifting spectre, was far removed from his solitary wandering, trying to plan an escape from his years of loneliness.

Then he found it.



At first, it looked like the bone-case of a human skull gleaming at his feet in the dry wash gravel of the creek bed. Old Pete Black picked up the ancient sea shell in his tiny hands and held it to his ear. Just why he did this, he did not know, but he listened.

Suddenly he heard faint sounds --strange, low weird sounds as if the shell were whispering to itself about its far-away ocean home. Old Pete's face filled with awe as he listened to the murmuring echoes. Here was a voice from another world whispering a faint melody of travel in strange and distant lands..."Take me to your cabin," it sighed like muscial night winds, "and I shall acquaint you with levitant travel in far-away lands..."

This soothed Pete's travel-tormented brain. The obsession was leaving him. He tucked the Whispering Shell underneath his arm and slowly made his way back to his lonely cabin, where he placed it on a stand near his bed.

Now Old Pete did not stop to realize that the Ozark mountains are geographically located almost in the center of the United States, neither did he wonder how or why an ancient sea shell might have been deposited on a dry creek bed, far away from ocean currents, nor did he stop to consider the many other specimens of deep salt water all about his place.

But the Whispering Shell in due time made him acquainted with all these medieval marine facts and many more. During long, dark winter nights, the Whispering Shell would murmur faint tales of mythology to him and echo into his ever-listening ear the fact that wyrd literature preceded almost all other forms of the Anglo-Saxon (ongul-seax) Period.

Old Pete would sit spellbound, listening while the ancient shell whispered fantastic stories of Skyld, king of the ancient Spear Danes, tales of Beowulf and the monster Grendel, fiend of hell --of the Eoten (giant) race...brimwylf (sea wolf), merewif (sea woman)...grundwyrge (bottom monster)...Widsith...Wyrd himself, controller of Destiny...



But one night the Whispering Shell lay quiet on the stand by Old Pete's bedside. There came no faint murmurings, no low echoings from the far distant past. It was silent.

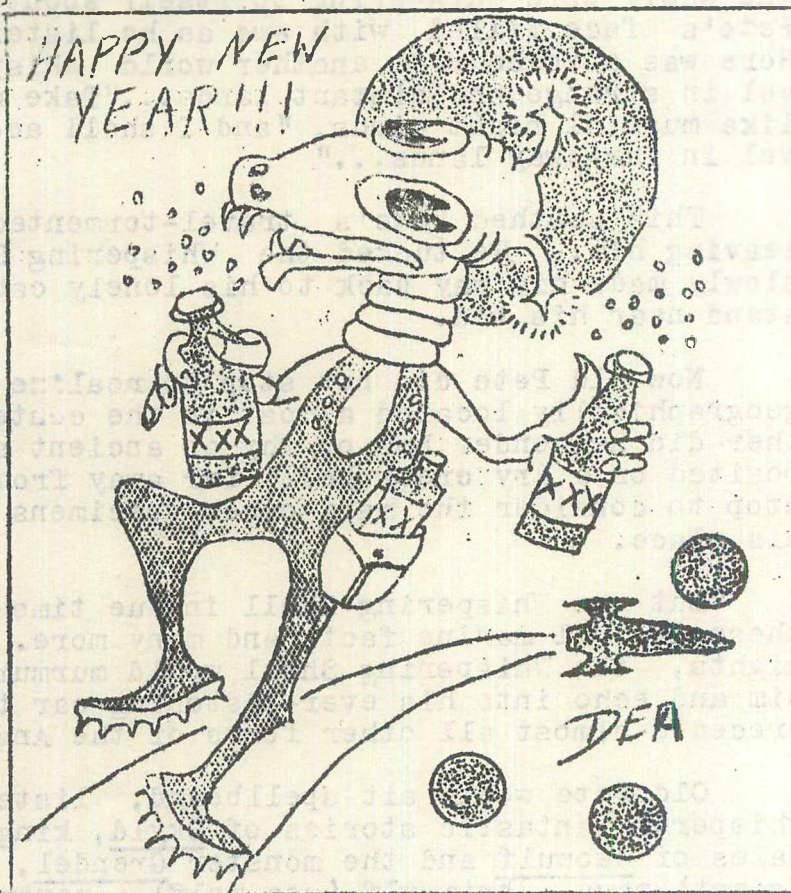
Strange, Pete thought. Strange.

Then he shook the shell in anger, listening, and then placed it violently back to its place upon the stand.

"Whaut be ya?" Pete yelled aloud. "Ya--ya be only conch. Jes' plain ole sea shell --blowed like a horn... by them Tritons of ole."

Then a fantasma of color encircled the Whispering Shell, an aura of vaporous mist formed about it as it slowly transformed itself in to merewif...the sea woman.. "Beware." she whispered, "lest the waves of the seas engulf you." Then the Whispering Shell floated like a phantom through the walls of rough-hewn logs and was gone.

Old Pete was distraught and lonesome again. He ate very little of his fried mush and goat's milk the following morning wondering how he would continue on without the Whispering Shell. He had just put away his tin cup and plate when a thunderous knock sounded on the cabin door.





When he lifted the latch bar and opened the door, two strange well-dresses men stood before him with leather brief-cases under their arms.

"Are you Peter Black, owner of this property?" one of the official-looking men asked.

"Yup," Old Peter said. "You'ns come in, rid up a cheer an' sot."

"Thanks," came the curt reply, "We will." They came in seated themselves in cane-bottomed chairs and then waited for Old Pete to start the conversation.

"Who be ya?" he said.

"We represent The United States Government," the talkative one said. "We are realeastate appraisors for the new Table Rock Dam project. We owe you an apology. We should have contacted you long before now but through some clerical oversight we missed you a few years back. You must move off your farm within thirty days. We are authorized to pay you much more than you land is worth. Here is a check, made to your order, for five thousand dollars." He extended the check toward Old Pete, whose eyes were blazing with fire and incomprehension.

"Nope," Old Pete said with finality. "I wunt do ut."

"Okay, pal," the more silent one said. "It's your funeral, not mine. Within thirty days from today water will sart inundating your land to a total depth of eighty feet --I hope you can swim."

"You cain't do ut--t'ain't right," Old Pete said, still unable to grasp the full meaning of government eviction. "This here is my proptie an' ya cain't make me git out..."

"Look," the talkative one cut in. "Let's be reasonable about this thing, Mr. Black. You can't hold up modern civilization. For half the amount of this check you can buy better ground and live near civilized people...be modern. You can understand that --can't you?"

"Nope," Old Pete said stubbornly. "I want to do it. I don't know nuthin' 'bout civilization an' don't want to. I be a free man."

Both men could see the uselessness of further argument with Old Pete. They stood to their feet and made ready to go. The talkative one placed the check upon Old Pete's bare plank table and said; "Think it over Mr. Black --take it or leave it." They departed toward their jeep, left a mile or so down the footpath.

When they had gone, Old Pete picked up the piece of paper left by the two men on his table and tore it into tiny bits. "Whut is civilization?...work...slave...hell...no, I want..." he said.

Then a strange thing happened. A glowing fantasma of color deeded and slowly came to rest upon the stand by Old Pete's bed.

The Whispering Shell was back.

For twenty-eight days, Old Pete lived a free and happy life, devoting most of his time to merewif, the sea woman, whose tales of Beowulf never failed to enchant him.

Then, on the twenty-ninth day, Old Pete tucked the Whispering Shell under his arm, went outside---and burned his cabin to the ground. He made his way toward the back of his farm, thinking to deposit the ancient sea shell where he had found it but changed his mind. Instead, he went to an old cave, the opening of which barely permitted his gnome-like body entrance. He balanced a huge stone over the small opening with a strong stick, got inside the cave and jerked the stick away.



Merewif lulled Old Pete to sleep with stories of Skyld, King of the ancient Spear Danes. While grundyrgen, the ~~bottomless~~ monster, gently rolled the tides of a vast inland man-made lake over them... government...progress...civilization... She whispered:

"Sat on the headland there the warrior king;  
Farewell he said to hearth-companions true,  
The gold-friend of the Geats; his mind was sad,  
Death-ready, restless. And Wyrð was drawing nigh,  
Who now must meet and touch the aged man,  
To seek the treasures that his soul had saved  
And separate his body from his life."

from Beowulf, ll

\* \* \* \* \*

But Wyrð, the mighty power controlling the destinies of men, had yet a little work left undone...

One day, long after, two official-looking men were fishing in the vast man-made reservoir of Table Rock Dam. The talkative one said: "Remember that queer old character, Mr. Peter Black, who refused to leave his farm ---I wonder what ever happened to him?"

The more quiet one looked about the lake and toward the distant shoreline, then remarked: "Oh, him ---I do hope he could swim. We are now just about eighty feet over his--his place..."

Suddenly the calm waters started swirling violently, their fishing boat was caught in a vicious and powerful whirlpool. Both men screamed with terror as their bodies were sucked down to a strange and watery grave.

Searching parties drug the vast lake for days but finally gave it up as hopeless. Only the broken gunwales from their wrecked boat was found, cast upon the shore as a grim reminder of their horrible fate. That, and an old Conch shell.

THE END

# THE FANZINE TRAIL

BY RON ELLIK

TART: (#21). George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Drive, Dallas, Texas. 10¢,  
4/25¢

Well now, George is a good friend of mine so I feel a bit obligated to do a review of TART for him especialwise as it's a mighty promising fanzine, but since one of my stories provides the major part of the issue, I find myself stuck for something objective to say.

It prints mostly fiction. . . . There's a story by Bob M. Stewart, too. A "thing" by Paul Shuster, titled HIYAHOBO is reprinted here, with no credit given of original publication, but still hilarious. Another item by Shuster, original this time, is the story of a first-grader who plays poker with a big boy who stares at him queerly; the firster thence takes up an axe and kills the big boy. Ergo, the room begins to smell after awhile and the kid winds up wondering why. Whew. Still, TART had darned well better turn into something good. George has great talent cutting a stencil, and all he needs in material.

-----

CONFAB (#7), Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Request.

Confab is a hard zine to comment on. All letters, all terrific, almost all by big names. Bob's branching out now, getting more subscribers (funny word, seeing as how he sends it out free on request) and newer blood in the letters. For a while it was stagnating with just Eliison and GMCarr. Now there's Wollston, Cox, Harness and of course the perennially funny interlineations throughout. It gets better and more controversial each issue, and is more than worth it.





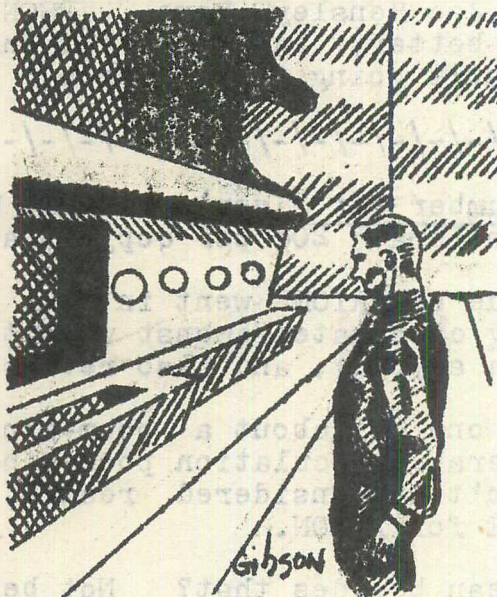


EPITOME (#1), Mike May, 9428 Hobart, Dallas 18, Texas. I don't see a price anywhere, but I imagine a nickel or ten cents would be nice.

Like most first issues, the editor leads off with material by his friends and those he can threaten into writing something, and while it isn't presented in the best manner there's all sorts of enthusiasm evident. And who could rank him for that? He's doing his honest best, and no doubt at all this is quite a bit better than most beginners--because unlike the average neo, Mike first spent five issues of EC FAN JOURNAL learning how fandom works--then busted out with a generalzine.

BEM (#3), Tom White, 3 Vine Street;  
Cutford Heights, Bradford 4, Yorks,  
England. One prozine, trades pre-  
ferred.

The zine is all fun and a yard wide, and proves that even poorly mimeo'd mags can be tops in their field. Bloch, Jeeves, Clark (Vin), and Shaw provide some top humor and reading to the zine. Formerly fly, it is now irregular due to duplicating and financing troubles. The only thing in the way of artwork except various cartoons is a full page conglomeration of fan-portraits depicting the SuperMancon by Terry Jeeves, and excellently done.



Eds that want their zines reviewed should send them to Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Avenue, Long Beach 3, Calif. with a specific request that they be reviewed in NITE CRY. Till next issue when we will again ride the Fanzine Trail together.....solong.....



# ATTENTION E.C. FANS!!!!

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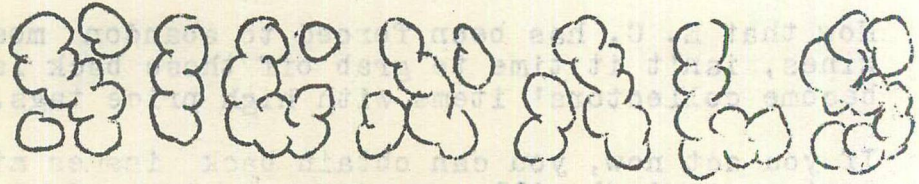
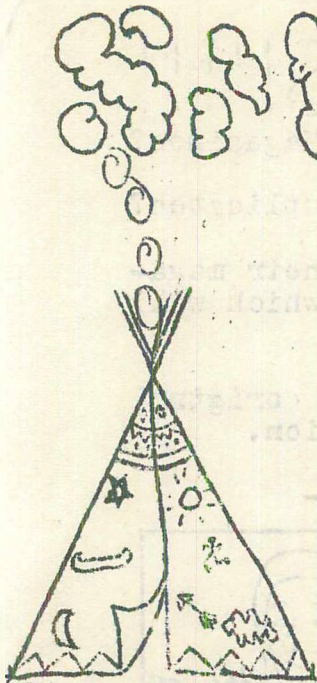
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MAD





FROM OKLAHOMA'S SCIENCE FICTION PAST

BY: DAN MCPHAIL

It too coldum to comum outum teepee to sendum smoke signals outum doors.

As the year 1936 drew to a close, the newstand fare for the s-f fan continued to be slim. Besides the three stf mags(only one a monthly), he had only a half-dozen "border-line" magazines to consider; Doc Savage, Dime Mystery, Dr. Ken Sin, Wu Fang, Horror Stories, Terror Tales, Witche's Tales and, of course Weird Tales, which quite often contained science fiction.

Amazing Stories closed out the year with a colorful cover, an editorial debunking astrology, rather poor illustrations by Morey and including stories by Campbell, Hamilton & Olson. Also film and book reviews.



Astounding had a good cover plus some Dold illustrations above standard. Brass Tacks changed its style into a more serious vien. Leinster's "Incredible Invasion" is perhaps the best story among others by Campbell, Winterbotham, F. B. Long, Van Lorne and C. L. Moore.

Thrilling Wonder for Dec. had its best cover since the change of ownership in which Brown depicts a giant rocketship ripping thru a native village, a scene from "Mutiny on Europa" by Ed Hamilton. The 130 pulp pages contained fiction by Zagat, Campbell, Cummings, Weinbaum and five others, plus stilted, but imaginative illustrations by Marchioni, a poorly drawn cartoon feature and a great many departments, including news of the S. F. League. Among new members listed was Fred Leonard of Cromwell, Okla. At a meeting reported by the Los Angeles chapter, former Wonder editor Charles Horning was a guest speaker as well as author Bob Olson. Forrest J. Ackerman exhibited a copy of a Soviet s-f magazine the title means "Around the World". Interesting letters by Robt. Lowndes, Bob Hadle & Willis Conover, editor of the fan zine Science-Fantasy Correspondant.

Many fine fan magazines appeared during this period, including an incomplete and belated Sept. edition of The Planeteer-combined with Tesseract. Only 14 pages, it was neatly printed, but with many type errors and poor inking. Of three storys listed only a Planeteer yarn by Blish appeared, plus a poem by Lovecraft.

International Observer for Nov featured a nice embossed cover by John Micheal. Editor Fred Pohl gathered 22 pages, not counting covers, large-size, that contained a story by Milton Rothman and excellent science articles by members, letters, gossip, column, fanmags reviews, a song and club news. D. A. Wollheim reveals that Bill Miller has withdrawn from aiding Blish in publication of Planeteer and will hector Phantastique and Hamilton Bloomer has withdrawn his Tesseract from its combine and will continue it himself in a new form.

Phantastique is dated Nov. on the cover (an excellent weird design) and Jan-Feb on the inside. Its 16 pages (5¢) was neatly arranged with cuts by Niles Frome of Canada, fiction by Carle, article by DAW, poem by Blish and news column by McPhail which mentions that James Roger has a large painting in a Muskogee bookstore to advertise their s-f.

Novae Terrae (New Worlds) for Nov. contained 20 pages, a rocket cover, fiction and features. Ted Carnell studies ages of fans and finds the average Britisher is 7 or more years older than his U. S. counterpart. Ages of "ace American Fans" include; Don Wollheim 21½; Dan McPhail 20, Jack Speer 15, Charles Horne 20, Forrest Ackerman 19, John Micheal 18, Jim Blish 14. Ted checked a London newstand and in four hours, of 50 s-f mags sold, not a one went to a person under age 20! The winners of the Aug. "Scientifjezz" contest announced: Carnell -47 correctly named tunes; Ackerman 27 and McPhail 25.

Fantasy Fiction Telegram in its third issue (Dec.) contained a good hectoed cover by Baltadonis and material by Oswald Train, George Hahn and Chas. Bert. 20 pages.

Science Fiction Critic during Dec. and Jan. continued its very excellent series of critical reviews, printed on slick paper and saddle-stitched by Clare Beck. 14 pages. 10¢

Dec. and Jan. issues (#27, 28) of The Phantagraph continued to demonstrate editor Wollheim's ability to gather top material into a small periodical. Fansworth Wright, editor of Weird Tales and Harry Kuttner are featured. DAW reveals that Ruth, beloved wife of Dr. David H. Keller, had recently passed away.

Fantasy Fiction Digest, 00 of the Fantasy Fiction League, showed its Vol 1, No. 1. in Jan. with 12 hectoed pages by Morris Dollen. Contains cartoon strip.



Science Fiction Collector by Dollen numbered 32 pages with its Dec. issue. Features "The Lost Dimension," yarn by editor plus usual departments.

Issue 39-Jan- of Fantasy Magazine contained 36 pages, but no interior art. Best item was humorous bit by Robert Bloch.

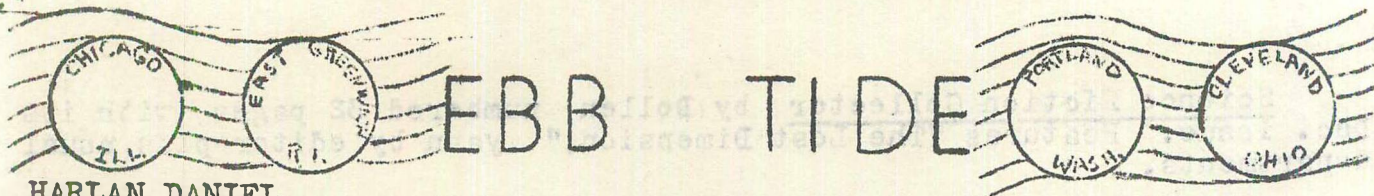
Science Fiction News for Nov featured a comparison of the writing styles of two great authors in "The Kline-Burroughs War" by Wollheim and introduced its new film editor E. H. Lichtig of Hollywood, who was actively engaged in the cinema industry and gave some wonderful insights on actual filming of fantasy pictures. For Dec the regular coverage of comics, radio, overseas news, films and gossip was enhanced by the edition of a column of controversial discussion by Lewis Clark, formerly of Comanche and now a chemistry professor; who propounded a unique theory to explain the canals of Mars. These 16 pages brought to an end my long publishing history with SFN: although a "next issue" (I still have the 'Dummy') of larger size and featuring David H. Keller, M. D., Don Wollheim, illustrations in color and a 'special surprises' was announced, it never appeared. It might be of interest to note some facts I have at hand concerning the three printed issues of SFN: Total run was 207 copies, going out to 25 states, plus England, Scotland, Canada, Mexico, Australia and Hawaii. After refunding all unfilled subscription and advertising, I wound up \$1.36 in the hole!

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Although I continued an active fan for the next three years or so and even purchased a mimeograph for my FAPA magazines, I did not re-issue The News because it was not possible to bring it out on the same high standard I had followed in the past. Only once thereafter did I venture into national circulation circles, when, in 1939, I brought out Fan Facts! which enjoyed considerable popularity.

THE END





HARLAN DANIEL

So the members of the Friscon voted to censure the OKLACON for violating an "unwritten law". You know, Don, I had forgotten that there were so many "Little Men" in fandom. "Little Men" who taken singularly seem to be pretty nice guys but when "Little Men" get together they look at themselves and become impressed with themselves. They begin to think that they are important. "Little Men" know but one way to show people that they are important; they have to kick someone preferably someone who can't and won't kick back. One wonders how little democracy, freedom of speech and freedom of assembly. Who gave these "Little Men" the right to tell the OSFC what to do? Did you or any member of the OSFC ask them to run your affairs for you? Were these "Little Men" duly elected officials or just "Little Men" who thought that being in San Francisco at the time of the convention made them Gods who had the right to tell people, who due to circumstances such as distance could not be there, what to do? The idea is as undemocratic and stupid as saying that who ever had the time and money necessary could go to Washington and help make the laws governing the nation. Perhaps these "Little Men" would have not decided to play "Censure" if they had not read so much in the papers about the McCarty censure. Both children and Monkeys enjoy imitating others. These "Little Men" must be very little not to know that an unwritten law is no law at all. Perhaps this law was unwritten due to these "Little Men's" illiteracy. 4131 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago 13, Ill.

DAVID C NORMAN

I disagree with you about the censure. I feel it was necessary and proper for them to do. You shouldn't have scheduled it for the same time as the World Con - this will leave many bitter feelings for time to come. 236Kenyon Ave. East Greenwich, R. I.

If we here in Oklahoma have no bitter feelings about the Censure why should anyone else.



CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

To say that I agree with your editorial in the November NC would be correct. I am at a loss to understand how the SFCon could "outlaw" you (as Peter Vorizmer wrote you). I supported the SFCon and I shall support the Cleveland thing whole-Heartedly, But I agree with your position that some fans can't make the grade financially to the far away places and should not be denied the opportunity of attending a convention closer to home. 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Conn.

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RICHARD E. GEIS

Your defense against the censure passed against you at San Francisco is pretty weak. It isn't so much that only 45 people attended the OKLACON, think it is the principle behind the unwritten law which was quoted. Your Con was small, true, but if held year after year it could grow up to rival the official World Con in attendance and stature. In retrospect I think you'll have to admit that holding your con at that particular time was a mistake. This business of "not wanting the three days to go to waste" is a bunch of blue baloney....there are other long weekends which you show no concern for which "go to waste" as much as any other. 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon.

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HARLAN ELLISON

Your comments on the censure of the OKLACON II by the San Francisco Con, while wholly lucid and in excellent taste (for which I heartily commend you--rage is too easy an emotion to beget at this type of action), were a bit contorted. The Con was by no means "grasping at Straws". Let's face it, the Con, who knew the history (spotty though it may be) of the Oklacon-WorldCon spiff, voted almost unanimously for the censure, and though it may materially mean little, there is no reason to go on bucking in a situation where bucking proves nothing. Striking out at intimidation and injustice is one thing: Quixotian windmill-battling is unquestionably another. 12701 Shaker Blvd. Apt 616, Cleveland, Ohio (20)

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An unwritten law is no law at all. And, Dick, how many long weekends between May and Sept.? The only practical time of year for us to hold our Con. And, Harlan, tell us more about the "History" of the OKLACON-WORLDCON spiff. New to us. Be seeing you in the mailbox.....





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TO

G. M. Carr  
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Seattle, Wash.